

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

MAR.

10¢

NO. 26



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE UNOFFICIAL ASSIGNMENT!

ANNOUNCING

the new DAISY DEFENDER

repeating AIR RIFLE

FIRST
AND ONLY FORCE-FEED
LEVER-ACTION
DAISY
IN 30 YEARS!

featuring

Look at this brand-new, forced-feed DAISY DEFENDER AIR RIFLE REPEATER—most beautiful Daisy ever! Its rear-sight lowers, lifts—moves right, left—adjusts from notch-sight to peep-sight in a jiffy! Sturdy, adjustable gun sling. Forced-feed shooting barrel has Positive Action. Handy "secret pocket" hidden in butt for carrying Bulls Eye BBs, compass, etc. The streamlined, full oval stock and "hunting style" fore-piece are made of amazing new Daisy-developed FIBERON—tough, stronger than wood! DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER is perfect for all-around shooting fun and medal-winning NRA target shooting. Send for facts on this NEW Daisy!

- ★ REAL FORCED-FEED MAGAZINE
- ★ COMBINED PEEP-AND-NOTCH SIGHT WITH ELEVATION, WINDAGE ADJUSTERS
- ★ SECRET "POCKET" IN BUTT
- ★ FULL LENGTH, ADJUSTABLE, CARRYING-SHOOTING SLING
- ★ FULL OVAL FIBERON STOCK
- ★ "BIG GAME" STYLE FIBERON FORE-PIECE
- ★ GENUINE DAISY QUALITY

BIG NEWS!

NATION-WIDE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST

No. 141
Only
\$7.98



A thrilling, nation-wide Target Shoot for Daisy owners and their friends starts soon! Marvelous PRIZES for the National, Regional and 48 State Champions who enter contest as junior members of NRA. Also valuable prizes for non-NRA shooters. Mail coupon today for all the exciting facts on Shootin' Contest, NRA junior membership.

Prices subject to change without notice and higher in Rockies, West, Canada. Do NOT order direct—SEE YOUR DEALER!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1232, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

I enclose unused 3c stamp to cover mail cost. RUSH facts on new DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER, new DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST, NRA benefits.

NAME.....

ST. & NO.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

DAISY
Air Rifles

No. 23
\$7.98

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1232 PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

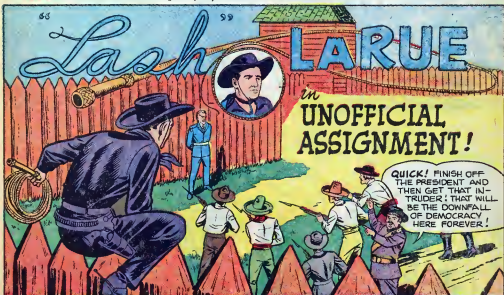


The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

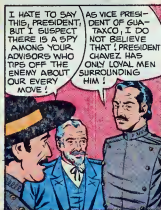
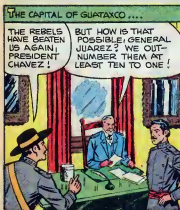
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LaRUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY 1 • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



DEMOCRACY VERSUS DICTATORSHIP! THAT'S A BATTLE WORTH FIGHTING EVEN IF IT MEANS RISKING YOUR NECK, AS THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LaRUE, DOES WHEN HE ACCEPTS THE UNOFFICIAL ASSIGNMENT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE IN LARADO --

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHIEF, YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I AM, LASH! AFTER MANY YEARS OF LIVING UNDER THE TYRANNICAL RULE OF A DICTATOR, THE SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY OF GUATAXCO ELECTED A PRESIDENT AND SET UP A DEMOCRACY!



THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT THING! WHY SHOULD IT WORRY YOU?

THAT PART IS GREAT, BUT MY OLD FRIEND, JUAN CHAVEZ, WHO WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT, WRITES ME THAT THE EX-DICTATOR, GENERAL JUANO, HAS ORGANIZED A SMALL ARMY OF REBELS AND IS TRYING TO RECAPTURE THE COUNTRY SO HE CAN REGAIN HIS POWER!



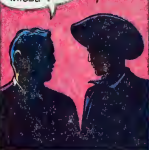
IF THE PEOPLE ARE BEHIND THE PRESIDENT, HE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE PUTTING DOWN THE REBELLION!

CORRECT, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! THERE IS A SPY AMONG THE PRESIDENT'S ADVISORS WHO IS MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR THE REBELS TO KEEP BEATING THE PRESIDENT'S ARMY AND THE CITIZENS ARE BEGINNING TO LOSE FAITH IN THE NEW DEMOCRACY!



AND UNTIL THAT SPY IS CAUGHT, THE PRESIDENT DOESN'T KNOW WHOM TO TRUST! IF I WERE A YOUNGER MAN, I'D GO DOWN THERE AND HELP HIM CATCH THAT TRAITOR MYSELF!

HOW ABOUT SENDING ME, CHIEF?



SINCE IT'S OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES, LASH, I'D HAVE NO RIGHT TO SEND YOU!

THEN HOW ABOUT GIVING ME SOME TIME OFF SO I CAN GO DOWN THERE ON MY OWN?



DO YOU REALIZE THAT IF YOU WENT TO GUATAXCO, YOU'D HAVE TO GO AS AN INDIVIDUAL AND THAT, SINCE THE UNITED STATES IS NOT INVOLVED IN THIS FRACAS, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, YOU COULD EXPECT NO HELP!

SINCE IT'S A BATTLE BETWEEN DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP, I'D BE WILLING TO TAKE THE CHANCE!



I WAS HOPEING YOU'D SAY THAT, LASH! PACK YOUR THINGS AND GET READY TO LEAVE!

I'M READY TO LEAVE RIGHT NOW, CHIEF! I'VE GOT ALL THE THINGS I NEED, MY HORSE, MY GUNS, AND MY BULLWHIP!



WE'RE OFF TO GUATAXCO! HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

GOOD LUCK, LASH!



DAYS LATER, AT THE GUATELAXO CAPITAL----

BAD NEWS AGAIN, PRESIDENT CHAVEZ! OUR MEN WERE BEATEN BY THE REBELS AGAIN!

THIS IS GETTING UNBEARABLE! WE MUST DO SOMETHING DRASTIC!

AND WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, HUANDO? THAT WE SURRENDER TO THE REBELS AND LET THE DICTATOR, JUANO, TAKE OVER AGAIN?

NO! NO! NEVER! RATHER WE ALL PERISH FIRST! I WAS ONLY GOING TO SUGGEST THAT IF THE PRESIDENT WERE TO VISIT HIS ARMY, IT WOULD SHOW THEM THAT YOU HAVE NOT LOST HEART AND IT MIGHT RESTORE THEIR COURAGE!

VISITING THE ARMY WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE PRESIDENT!

WHAT HUANDO HAS SAID MAKES SENSE! IT IS NECESSARY THAT THEY KNOW WE ARE WITH THEM! I WILL GO!

I WILL ARRANGE A PARTY OF GUARDS TO ESCORT YOU THERE, PRESIDENT!

SHORTLY AFTER----

I STILL DO NOT THINK IT IS A GOOD IDEA FOR HIM TO GO! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE PRESIDENT, IT WOULD BE THE BIGGEST BLOW TO OUR NEW DEMOCRACY!

EL PRESIDENTE

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, GENERAL JUAREZ! IN THE MEANWHILE, LET US GO IN SO I CAN GIVE YOU THE ORDERS THE PRESIDENT LEFT!

LATER--

I DID NOT KNOW OUR MEN HAD SET UP QUARTERS IN THIS DESERTED FORTRESS! WHO ORDERED THIS?

WE DO NOT KNOW! YOU WILL HAVE TO ASK THE CAPTAIN IN CHARGE!

BUT AS THEY ENTER----

GENERAL JUANO!

CORRECT, CHAVEZ! YOU ARE MY PRISONER!

QUICK! WE MUST FIGHT OUR WAY OUT OF HERE! WE RODE INTO THE REBEL HEAD-QUARTERS BY MISTAKE!

NOT BY MISTAKE, CHAVEZ! THOSE GUARDS ARE ON MY PAYROLL!

CAPTURING ME WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! VICE PRESIDENT HUANDO WILL CARRY ON THE BATTLE TO WIPE YOU AND YOUR MEN OUT!

HA, HA! VICE-PRESIDENT HUANDO IS ALSO ON OUR PAYROLL!

I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT! HUANDO SAID HE WOULD RATHER PERISH THAN SURRENDER TO YOU!

OF COURSE HE SAID THAT! BUT ONLY SO YOU WOULD NOT SUSPECT HE WAS A SPY! AND SO THAT YOU WOULD LISTEN WHEN HE SUGGESTED YOU RIDE OUT AND JOIN YOUR ARMY--- GIVING US THE OPPORTUNITY TO CAPTURE YOU!



YOU WILL FACE THE FIRING SQUAD AT DAWN: AND THEN AS VICE-PRESIDENT, HUANDO WILL BECOME PRESIDENT AND SURRENDER TO ME!

THE PEOPLE OF GUATAXCO ARE TIRED OF TYRANNY! THEY WILL NEVER STAND FOR IT!



THE PEOPLE WILL BE TOO AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT--- ESPECIALLY AFTER YOUR ENTIRE ARMY IS WIPED OUT!

THE ENTIRE ARMY WIPED OUT?



YES, WIPED OUT! RIGHT NOW, IN YOUR ABSENCE, HUANDO IS ORDERING THE ARMY TO MARCH TO CACTUS VALLEY WHERE MY MEN ARE WAITING TO MASSACRE THEM! HA-HA-HA!



AT THE SAME TIME ---

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE CAPITAL SHOULDN'T BE TOO FAR OFF! THIS IS CACTUS VALLEY! I DON'T KNOW WHICH ARMY IS HIDING OUT HERE, THE REBELS! OR THE PRESIDENT'S ---



--BUT UNTIL WE MAKE SURE, WE BETTER NOT ASK ANY QUESTIONS!



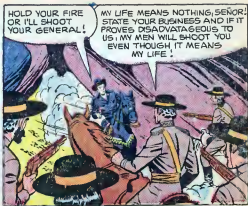
BUT AS LASH APPROACHES THE CAPITAL---

THERE GOES ANOTHER ARMY ON THE MARCH! AND THEY'RE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR CACTUS VALLEY WHICH MEANS THEY'RE RIDING INTO A TRAP!



IF THEY SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE THE ARMY OF THE DEMOCRACY THEY HAVE TO BE WARNED! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! AND IF I'M WRONG IT MEANS MY NECK---





NOW YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHERE YOU SENT THE PRESIDENT OR YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO HAVE A FAIR TRIAL!



AND AFTER THE TRAITOR CONFESSES ---

I'D BETTER GET TO THAT FORTRESS, PRONTO! THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT!



SHORTLY AFTER---

I DO NOT WANT ANY BLINDFOLD!

JUST AS YOU WISH! TAKE AIM, MEN!



MEANWHILE ---



THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY I CAN THINK OF GETTING INSIDE THE FORTRESS!

NOW IF I CAN ONLY LAND ON THE WALL!



QUICK! FINISH OFF THE PRESIDENT AND THEN GET THAT INTRUDER! THAT WILL BE THE DOWNFALL OF DEMOCRACY HERE FOREVER! READY!



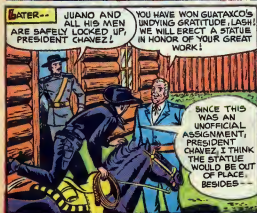
FIRE! THIS'LL DELAY THEM, ANYWAY!



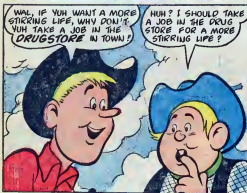
QUICK! PICK UP YOUR RIFLES!

IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE GATE BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER THEIR ARMS!





WAGONWHEELS.....

STIRRED UP!


BATTLE STORIES

10¢

WAR! WAR! WAR!

NEW!

YOU'RE AT THE FRONT

WITH AN EYEWITNESS VIEW OF THE

STUNNING REALISM

OF WAR

WHEN YOU READ...

BATTLE STORIES

NEW!

BATTLE STORIES

10¢

WAR! WAR! WAR!

10c WATCH FOR EACH ISSUE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10c

GEE! A NEW BOY! SEEMS NICE TOO!

HELLO, I'M PUD!

SOUBBU-BUB!

WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM!

HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY BALL!

I WISH HE COULD TALK ENGLISH.

YOU SAID IT, PAL!

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

DUBBLE BUBBLE!

YOU CAN'T BEAT FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR FLAVOR THAT LASTS!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

FUNNIES, FORTUNES AND FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

FRANK H. FLEER CORPORATION
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

Get this
24 K GOLD-PLATED "GOOD LUCK" RING

with YOUR OWN INITIALS!

BIG! AMAZING VALUE! NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

MASSIVE! EVERY RING MADE TO ORDER!!

FITS ANY FINGER!

LIMITED SUPPLY! HURRY!

ONLY 25¢

EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!
Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gold-plated ring with your own initials in massive letters! And what a value—only 25¢, plus front panel of any Smith Bros. box. Limited supply—hurry!

AND THE BEST TASTING COUGH DROPS, TOO!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

I am enclosing 25¢ plus the front panel of one Smith Brothers box, any flavor, for which please send me the "Good Luck" Ring with my initials.

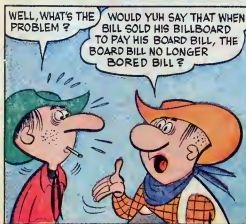
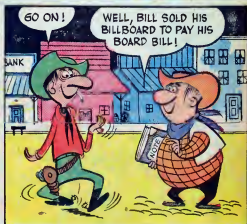
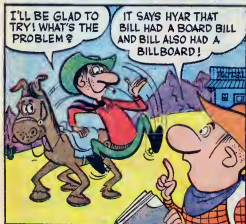
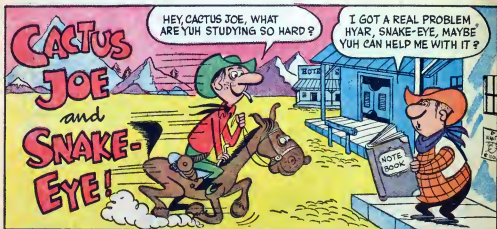
Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT WITH PENCIL)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Initials for Ring _____ (FIRST) _____ (LAST)

Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R.I.

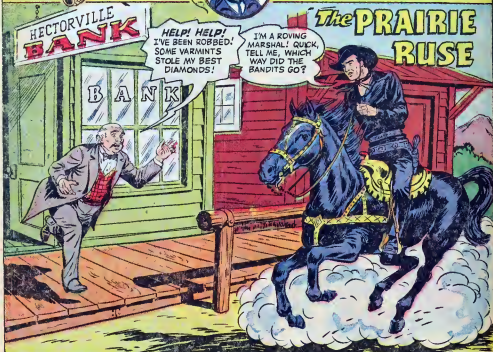




Lash LARUE

in

The PRAIRIE RUSE



I SAW THEM LEAVE
ON THE STAGECOACH
ABOUT A HALF
HOUR AGO!

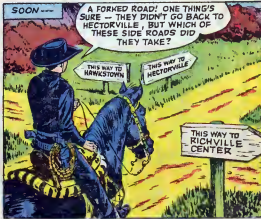
HALF HOUR AGO? THEN WHY
DID YOU WAIT SO LONG TO
REPORT THE ROBBERY?

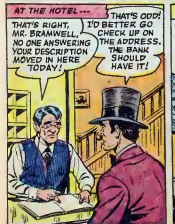
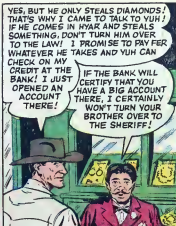


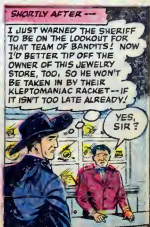
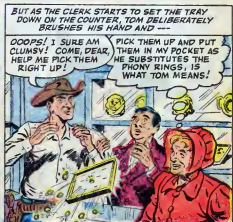
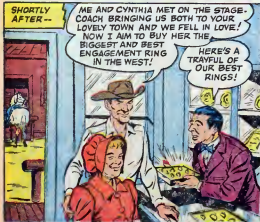
I THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST TAKING A LITTLE
TRIP! NOT UNTIL I WENT INTO THE BANK AND
FOUND OUT THEY HAD WITHDRAWN ALL THEIR
MONEY DID I REALIZE THEY HAD SKIPPED
TOWN! ACCORDING TO THE BANKER, THEY
PULLED THE OLD KLEPTOMANIAC
RACKET ON ME!

THE OLD
KLEPTOMANIAC
RACKET! SAY
NO MORE!
I KNOW JUST
WHAT IT IS!

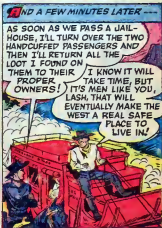
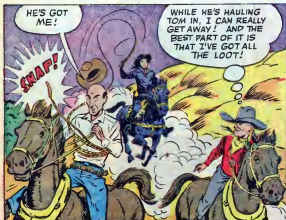


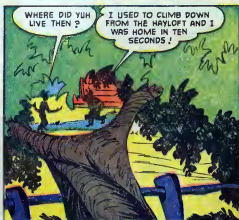
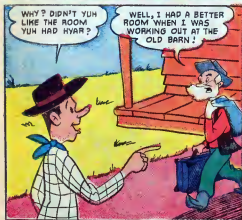
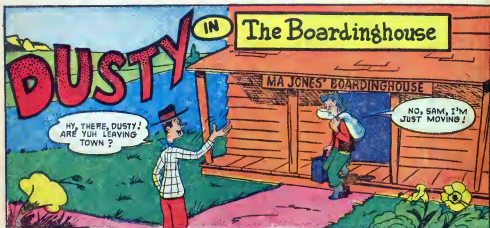




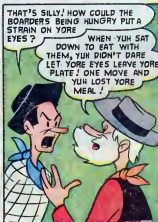
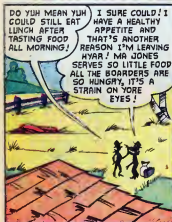




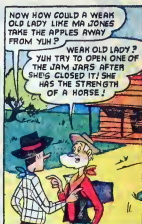








LASH LARUE WESTERN





MESQUITE MURDER

By John Martin



FROM across the teller's cages in the Rockdog Bank, Sheriff Tarn Liggett looked up from the withdrawal slip he was making out. Behind the third teller's window, rancher Carse Vargan was taking a big bundle of hundred-dollar bills from teller Raff Sorrel.

"You sure you want to draw all this out at one time?" Sorrel asked anxiously.

Vargan licked his lips. "Sure I do," the rancher said. "I've saved my dough for five years now, and I'm going in to Carson City and spend it on new farm equipment".

Liggett came up, presented his withdrawal slip.

"Sheriff," appealed Sorrel. "You're a friend of Carse's. I'm telling him it's dangerous to take all this dough out of the bank at one time."

"It's dangerous," Liggett agreed. "But maybe Carse can take care of himself."

Carse grinned. He slapped his brace of hog-legs. "I aim to," he said. "Oh, I'm not saying there's no danger, Sheriff, but even if there has been a rash of robberies, I got two friends here who'll stand by me." Again he slapped his guns.

The Sheriff turned to Sorrel. "Can't do a thing with him, Raff," he said, grinning. "But you ought to take one of the bunkhouse boys with you, Carse. It's safer."

Vargan shook his head.

"I'm having a good time by myself," he said. He looked up as Ed Keifer, the president of the bank walked up and shook hands, "Say, Ed," he began, "while we're at it, how about both of us making a donation to the new hospital fund. Liggett's treasurer, you know."

Keifer laughed. He took a hundred dollar bill from his wallet and gave it to the Sheriff who accepted it with thanks. "Let's see you match that," he said.

Vargan did. Then he shook hands all around and departed.

Keifer shook his head.

"Carse knows his own mind, I reckon," he said, "but I'm jiggered if I'd travel alone that way. Course, he's a dead shot, but . . ."

Liggett nodded.

"Being a dead shot doesn't mean a thing when you're dry-gulched."

He went back to his office, did a little paper work and then left for Reg Coleman's place to pick up a donation Coleman had promised for the hospital fund. He figured he'd probably meet Vargan on the way back, on his way to Carson City. That way he'd be able to assure himself Vargan was still safe.

Some hours later, having finished his errand at Reg Coleman's, he started back to Rockdog.

The first shot he heard came from over a rise. Then there was a second. His cayuse, bucked at the explosion. Then he spurred forward. Whole minutes passed before he finally reached the top of the rise.

At first he couldn't see anything. Then he spotted the body lying like a tiny splinter far down on the road. A horse stood beside it. And vanishing over a further rise was a man on another horse. Liggett debated for an instant whether he should pursue the mounted man, but abandoned the idea when he realized the man on the ground might only be wounded and badly in need of help.

When he got there it was too late.

Carse Vargan lay dead on the rocky ground. Liggett got off his cayuse and examined the body.

"Robbery," he grunted, as he noted the wallet was missing. His jaw set. A few minutes later he was off for Rockdog, with Vargan's horse trailing behind him, Vargan tied securely to the saddle.

He knew it was wiser to enter town by a back road. It was getting dark, but he had no desire to start a furure as might happen if he rode through the main business street. Fortunately, Doc Trainer's office was on the edge of town.

An hour later, Doc, whom he'd aroused, admitted him to his private office. He pointed to Vargan.

"The second bullet killed him," he said. "You got any clues."

Liggett shook his head.

"Not a one," he admitted.

"This is the first killing we've had since you were elected, Sheriff," he said. "You've done a good job. After all, you warned Vargan, as you said. And so did everybody else."

"I've got to find the killer, Doc," Liggett said.

"There's no names printed on bullets, son," Doc Trainer said. He handed the Sheriff a paper. "But here's the report on 'em."

Liggett glanced at it with interest. Then he looked at Trainer.

"I reckon you're the temporary coroner. You take charge of the body until tomorrow."

After Liggett returned to his office, he sat down and considered his position, glumly. He knew he was facing an almost impossible task. There hadn't been the slightest clue to reveal the identity of the killer. There wasn't even a trace of a trail on that rocky ground.

In the morning, a number of townspeople came around to deposit contributions for the hospital fund with Liggett. He opened the envelopes slowly and counted up the money. When he came to Jed Cady's contribution he started up suddenly, eyes wide. Minutes later he was dashing over to Cady's Rockdog Hotel, which Cady owned and managed. Then, with a pale and nervous Cady in tow, he went on to the bank.

Ed Keifer greeted them at the doorway. Liggett, looking past him, saw two new faces busy over the books in the accounting cage.

"Mind if I have a word with the bank examiners, Keifer?"

The banker looked at him suspiciously. Then he nodded assent.

"Okay with me, Sheriff, if they can tell you anything."

With his eye still on Cady, Liggett went behind the accounting cage. He talked briefly with the examiners. They showed him some books they were going over. Cady, standing beside Liggett as the Sheriff talked, sweated and trembled. Suddenly the Sheriff pushed Cady to the center of the floor and drew his gun.

"You arresting Jed Cady, Sheriff?" Keifer asked in astonishment.

"Yep," Liggett said. "He's guilty!"

"You—you mean of murder?" Keifer asked.

"You—you mean Cady murdered Carse Vargan?"

"It wasn't Cady," Liggett said. He turned to the line of teller's cages and barked, "Come over here, Sorrel!"

The teller, suddenly pale, came out of his cage.

"I'm arresting you, Raff Sorrel, first on a charge of embezzling Keifer's bank funds, secondly of murdering Carse Vargan! And I'm arresting Cady as an accessory!"

Sorrel made a dive for Cady's guns. Cady tossed him one. But Liggett moved like a streak of lightning. His hogleg barked twice. Both guns jumped into the air. Sorrel and Cady rubbed their numbed hands.

Keifer and several customers of the bank looked at Liggett, puzzled. The banker scratched his head.

"I don't get it, Sheriff," he said.

Liggett handcuffed Cady and Sorrel together.

"CARSE VARGAN was shot twice," Liggett said. "One shot went through his wallet pocket—and his wallet was gone. So I knew the money was pierced. This morning I opened a hospital fund envelope from Jed Cady. It had a hundred dollar bill in it—with a hole in it. But Cady said he got it from Raff last night. After killing Vargan, Raff had to get five thousand dollars in undamaged bills to replace the money he stole from Vargan to cover his embezzlements until after the bank examiners left. Then he planned to juggle the books again and steal it back. He offered to cut Cady in on half of the five thousand in return for undamaged bills. And Cady accepted. But by mistake, this morning, he put one of Sorrel's pierced bills in the envelope to the hospital fund. Naturally he implicated Sorrel because he didn't want to hang."

"No wonder Raff tried persuading Vargan not to draw his money out," Keifer said. "He knew Vargan was contrary as a mule, and besides, it averted suspicion from himself." He shook his head. "Five thousand dollars is a pile of money," he said.

Liggett glanced grimly at the two culprits.

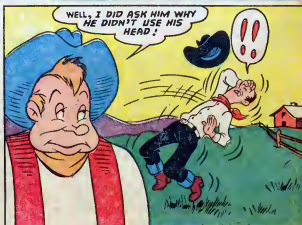
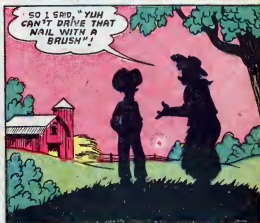
"Reckon they won't be needing any money where they're going," he said.

THE END

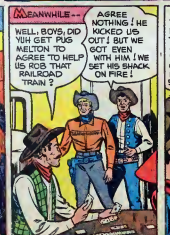
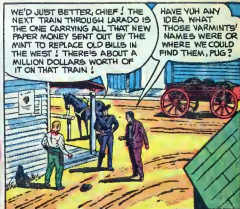
MOLASSES MOUTH

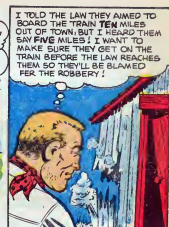
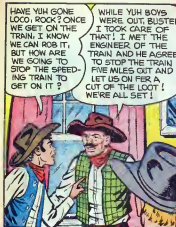


FIGHTING WORDS









MEANWHILE, LASH LARUE, THE FAMOUS MARSHAL IS CARRYING OUT HIS PLAN WHICH ALSO BRINGS HIM ON THE TRAIN AS A PASSENGER!

I FIGURED IF THOSE BANDITS DECIDED TO ATTACK THE TRAIN EARLIER THAN TEN MILES OUT, IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF I WAS ON THE TRAIN TO GREET THEM!

BESIDES, NOW THAT WE'VE REACHED THE HILLS, I'D BETTER GO WARN THE ENGINEER TO WATCH OUT FOR ANY ROAD BLOCKS!



BUT WHEN LASH WARNS THE ENGINEER---

--NOW THAT I KNOW YOU'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT, I'LL GO SIT IN THE BAGGAGE ROOM AS AN EXTRA PRECAUTION!

ROCK PROMISED TO CUT ME IN ON THE LOOT AND I DON'T AIM TO LET ANY LAWDOG CHEAT ME OUT OF MY SHARE!



I SHOVED THE FIREMAN UNDER THE TRAIN AS WE LEFT LARADO SO HE COULDN'T INTERFERE WITH MY STOPPING THE TRAIN! NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF LARUE, TOO!

AS SOON AS WE GO AROUND THIS BEND AND I CAN LEAVE THE CONTROLS FER A MINUTE, I'LL SHOVE HIM INTO THE FURNACE!



MEANWHILE---

HYAR IT IS!

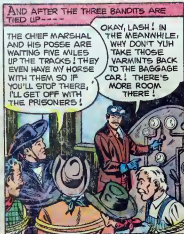
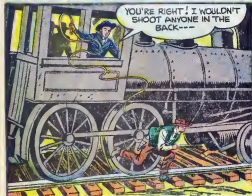
JUST IN TIME! WE MUST BE ALMOST FIVE MILES OUT OF LARADO ALREADY! NOW I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T IDENTIFY ME! AND SINCE A SHOT WOULD BE HEARD---

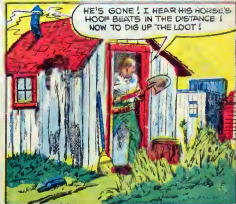
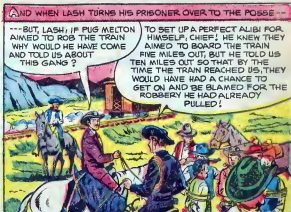


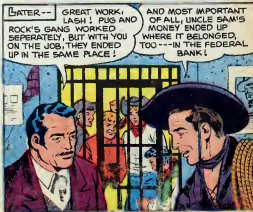
--THIS KNIFE WILL HAVE TO DO THE TRICK! IT'S MURDER, BUT THOSE FOOLS WILL BE BLAMED FER IT ANYWAY!











a big, new book for **MODEL BUILDERS**



If you're an active model builder or if you're only starting to work with balsa wood then here is a book you'll keep for years! Packed with accurate plans and instructions for building over 25 different control-line and free-flight model airplanes, battery driven boats and scale automobiles, **Handbook for MODEL BUILDERS** also contains a complete list of all gas engines, tips on building and a special story on **GETTING STARTED IN MODEL BUILDING!**

If your dealer cannot supply you order your book by mail from **FAWCETT BOOKS**, Dept. C-3, Greenwich, Connecticut. Please specify Fawcett Book No. 112.

Just Look What This Book Contains!

- 144 pages
- Plans for 25 TESTED projects
- Hundreds of photographs
- Gas Model Airplane Plans
- Model Boat Plans
- Model Car Plans
- plus many other models



At Your Local Newsstand 75 Cents a Copy

**ROY
ROGERS**

**INGRAHAM
GUARANTEED
POCKET WATCH**
For Men & Boys, with
Good Luck Cowboy
Toll. Given without
cost. Sell one order.

GOLD WATCH

Attractive
wrist-watch. Beautifully styled
in 10k rolled gold plate.
Sell one order plus \$1.50

DAISY'S
COWBOY
CARBINE

A fast shooting 1,000 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

"LAURITA" CARRY-ALL PURSE

3-POWER BINOCULARS
Matched lenses. Special shoulder strap. Sell one order at American Seeds.

DICK TRACT
CAMERA

ROGERS
WRIST WATCH

10

Professional Paper Series

Made by Ben Pearson for boys

BASKETBALL SIT

COWBOY JR. GUITAR

A GREAT

THE OUTFIT

Plus 4 Blade Comp Knife.
All given in durable leather,
bell sheath. Sell one order
of American Seeds.

ELECTRONIC
WALKIE TALKIE

Complete 3-way talkies

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these small prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and given to others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 45-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as listed in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants American Seeds — they're tried and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET RUSH, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds.

Send no money—we trust you.
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.
 DEPT. 555, LANCASTER, PA.

**MANY MORE PRIZES
 See them in the Big Prize Book**
 Bell, Cherry Set, Cap Gun and Mohair, Cuddly, Whirl Wind, Kiteball Glove, Table Tennis, Month Proposer, Patch Quilter

Answer and fill in BIG PRIZE BOOK and 4 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Send with your order and we'll send you the money to complete and get your prize.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____

No goods sent outside U.S.A.

© 2006 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved.

THE TEEN TITANS

Movie Over Edits

Movie Over Edits



Movie Over Edits